

that I gave the *zaptieh* money to pay, and
 that he gave
 only a few coppers to the people—a glaring
 untruth, for
 Murphy pays everything in my presence.
 Thereupon
 Suleiman heat the *Khanji* with his scabbarded
 sword, on
 which the man struck him, and there was a
 severe fight,
 in the course of which the combatants fell
 over the end
 of my bed. So habituated does one become
 to scenes
 of violence in this country that I scarcely
 troubled my-
 self to say to Murphy, " Tell them to fight
 outside."

It was a severe day's march over the
 Bingol Dagh,
 and I know little about the country we
 passed through.
 "We skirted a bleak snowy hillside, first in
 rain and then
 in a heavy snowstorm, made a long ascent
 among drift-
 ing snow clouds, saw an ass abandoned by a
 caravan
 shivering in the bitter wind, with three
 magpies on its
 back picking its bleeding wounds, and near
 the summit
 of the Ghazloo Pass encountered a very severe
 " blizzard,"
 so severe that no caravan but my own
 attempted to face
 it, and sixty conscripts *en route* for Bitlis in
 charge of
 two officers and some cavalry turned back in
 spite of
 words and blows, saying, " We may be shot;
 better that
 than to die on the hillside"! Poor fellows,
 they are
 wretchedly dressed, and many of them have
 no socks.
 The "blizzard" was very awful—"a horror of
 great
 darkness," a bewildering whirl of pin-like
 snow coming
 from all quarters at once, a hurricane of icy
 wind so
 fearful that I had to hold on by the crupper
 and mane

to avoid being blown out of the saddle; utter
confusion,
a deadly grip at my heart, everything
blotted out, and
a sense of utter helplessness. Indeed I know
of no peril
in which human resources count for so
little. After
reaching the summit of the pass the risk
was over, but
we were seriously delayed in forcing a
passage through
the drift, which was fully seven feet deep.
The men
were much exhausted, and they say that "
half an hour